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Notice!!

~Disclosure~

This is a Warrior Cats Fan-Fic that takes place several generations after the Warrior Cats (Erin Hunter) Series ends. I, SilverxQuill, give full credit to the Erin Hunter team for coming up with the religion and names of the Clans and clan members. However, I came up with the story personally and by myself. The characters were built on my pure imagination and so was the plot and resolution.

Following chapters may contain blood, violence, betrayal and abuse.

You have been

warned

~NOTE~

This story was created several years ago when my writing was not as mature. I am only slowly finding and correcting each chapter before I publish it on Wattpad in my own leisurely time. Please excuse my poor writing style.

!Present Me!

A long time ago, I made a list of 'What If's' about this story. Presently, I am bringing these what ifs to life. So please check out my other story Twin Stars for a hastily thrown together what if that might just result in death.

Finish reading Rising Mist and vote which 'what if?' I should do

next.

Prologue

The forest that was Skyclan's territory was large.

The top of the trees created a canopy, shielding its residents from the brute of leaf-bare's thunderstorms and green-leaf's scorching heat. Along with this idealistic setting, came the small critters. Squirrels, voles and birds of every variety settled between tree roots and amongst the branches. Mouses nibbled at the many vines that wound their ways up the trunks.

Overall, trees were an enormous part of the thriving community housed by the forest. And Skyclan certainly made the most of it.

On this particular day, the trees swayed lightly in the wind. Scents flooded the brightly-lit forest and I breathed it all in. The sun still shone from high in the sky and in front of me, nearly hidden from view by a bush, a spotted she-cat raised her hackles.

I crouched low into the undergrowth, mimicking Littlebird's hunting stance, paws tingling with excitement. She had spotted a squirrel, nibbling away at an acorn not far away. Distracted by its own score, the squirrel would be easy prey.

I cautiously lowered my tail and took a few tentative steps forward, knowing that I wasn't supposed to be here. If Littlebird heard me now, I'd be in unimaginable trouble. Kits under the age of six moons was to be kept in the Skyclan camp at all times.

But no cat was going to find out about my great adventure. It would surely one day be told to apprentices by elders as the 'Mistykit's secret undercover forbidden mission'.

A flash of stormy grey fur crashed into me and I mewed loudly as I struggled beneath Stormkit, "Get off! Get off! You're hurting me!"

The young tom blinked his green eyes mischievously and jumped off of me, "Isn't this great, Mistykit?"

No this most definitely was not great. My whiskers where quivering with helpless frustration.

Noticing my ruffled fur, Stormkit sighed, "Loosen up! No cat knows we're here."

"Oh, really?" A gruff mew sounded from in the bushes.

I spun around, fluffing up my fur in alarm. What was it? Who was it? I wondered worriedly if I could take on a full-grown warrior or even just an older apprentice.

And then I wondered if it would be impressive if I could.

Before I was ready to confront our provoker, Stormkit's eyes widened and he gasped, a little dramatically, "Littlebird!"

Embarrassed at my overreaction, I smoothed down my fur and brought a wet paw over my ears in an attempt to hide how scared I had been.

The white, black-spotted queen loomed over us sternly, "What are you kits doing out here? Don't you know how dangerous it is?"

I puffed out my chest bravely, "There is nothing so scary that I can't face!"

Littlebird purred despite herself, "Come on, now! Tropickit, Morningkit and Lilykit will be missing you!"

Yes, they would be awaiting tales of our grand adventure, no less!

Stormkit's ears pressed back in distaste, "I don't like Morningkit. She's got a weird name. It's like she's always mourning."

The golden-red kit had been born a kittypet and only became a clan cat recently when she was brought back by Littlebird.

The queen decided to ignore him, "I brought Morningkit to Skyclan

from my Kittypet life."

We all loved to hear about when Littlebird was a Kittypet but Stormkit seemed to still be disappointed in being found out so he provoked her, "Morningkit is a Kittypet, she'll never be a warrior."

He said it so calmly and certainly that my tail spiked up in alarm. I hoped, whoever my real parents were, they had not been Kittypets.

Littlebird turned around, green eyes flashing dangerously, "Morningkit is my only kit and she is younger than all of you. She's only half a moon old and will need looking after. You are already five and a half moons old!"

Her only kit? My eyes widened and I flattened my ears; how could she say such a thing?

She had Stormkit, Tropickit and Lilykit with Stonetail, who'd died. But then she'd gone to be a kitty pet, for some absurd reason.

I had been found a few days after Littlebird had left, barely alive and only just able to eat prey. A few days later still, Nightkit was also found and taken in by the clan. It was likely that we were related but no cat knew for sure.

Amberstorm had her own kits, Eaglekit and Treekit, a month before Littlebird's. She took in me and the other kits as her own as soon as Littlebird left, acting like the mother I never had.

When Littlebird came back, she brought Morningkit, whom she had with a mysterious tom from the Twolegplace. From then on, after she fed us, it was as if the rest of us didn't exist. I wasn't her true kit, but I could still feel the piercing hurt that ran through my heart. It would be horrifying when she told Hawkstar of our crimes. Especially after she got riled up.

Stormkit shrunk back but I held Littlebird's gaze determinedly, "I'll look after Morningkit! But, if I promise to, could you not tell Hawkstar that we went out of camp?"

Littlebird shook her head exasperatedly as she turned back around and we kept walking, "Only this once. Next time you're on your

own."

When we got back to camp, Stormkit and I successfully snuck back in to the nursery where the other kits were waiting for us. Morningkit looked up, "Did you really go outside? What was it like?"

Tropickit flicked her ears, slightly annoyed, "Why did I have to be the 'back-up'? I wanted to see Skyclan's territory, you know!"

Nightkit lounged nearby, her whiskers twitching with amusement. Eaglekit and Treekit paused their game of moss-ball and perked their ears eagerly.

Lilykit, my best friend and the only one who can beat me at moss-ball, meowed insistently, "Oh, tell us, please!"

After I told the great story of Stormkit's and my adventure, Morningkit said fearfully, "l don't think I'll ever want to go outside! It sounds scary!"

All the other kits snickered and Tropickit looked faintly worried. Lilykit crouched, eyeing Morningkit uncertainly. I looked at her and was certain that I could never have been a Kittypet.

I was not the tiniest alike to her.

I had been found in a barn so my parents might've been rogues. When Skyclan couldn't find them, they adopted me and Amberstorm was now my foster mother. But I had promised Littlebird and a promise was a promise.

So I padded over to Morningkit and licked her forehead, "Don't worry, it's not that scary. Besides, I'm sure you'll be a fine warrior so that you will never be scared."

Morningkit smiled up at me, "Thanks, Mistykit!"

A/N

Ah, and the cringy writing finally comes to an abrupt by relieving end! At least for this chapter....

Fun fact!:

The longest sentence ever printed was 823 words! :000

- quill

Chapter One

I crouched beside Morningkit as we shared a piece of sparrow outside the nursery, next to the medicine cat den. Tropickit and Lilykit were washing themselves nearby. Stormkit was still curled up in a corner of Littlebird's moss bed. Eaglekit and Treekit were going to become apprentices in a day and were checking out the warrior's den with Nightkit.

I swallowed the last bite lazily and started licking my dark fur smooth.

I asked Lilykit, "What do you want be called when you're a warrior?"

She paused in her washing, "Hmm, I've never thought about it. Maybe Lilypool. Or Lilyflower."

Lilykit licked her paw delicately, "What about you?"

I grinned, having already prepared my answer, "I want be called Mistyclaw! The fiercest warrior in all the Clans! And you and I will be the bestest of friends and loyalest to only each other!"

Morningkit interjected humorously into our conversation, "You? No, I will be the fiercest ever!"

I purred, flicking my black-tipped tail at her, "Of course you will."

Tropickit eyed us curiously, "Who would want to be a warrior? Medicine cats are the ones who save lives, warriors only cause most of the worst battles. Have you seen Thistletail?"

The tom had come home from a particularly bad border dispute with a long slash down his flank and torn clumps of fur off his spine. He had been in the medicine cat den for a moon already.

Lilykit looked uncertain, "Being a medicine cat doesn't sound too

bad, I guess."

I stood, hissing, irritated, "Don't listen to her, Lilykit! Warriors get to defend their own clan! Medicine cats just stay at camp all day!"

Tropickit narrowed her eyes and stood up as well, "Medicine cats have the strongest connection with Starclan! They can receive prophecies in their dreams!"

I mewed savagely, "So what I'm hearing is they sleep all day long? I bet they can't even fight!

My friend's eyes flickered dangerously with offence, and she growled lowly, "I could beat you in a fight any day!"

I couldn't help myself from grinning doubtfully, "Prove it!"

Tropickit launched herself at me and I dodged, jumping onto her back and cuffing her ears, "Could a medicine cat do that?"

She collapsed underneath my weight and I yowled triumphantly, "See? Warriors are better!"

Lilykit, who had been watching us with an amused expression plastered all over her face, hid her laughter by drawing a wet paw over her ears nonchalantly. Morningkit gazed at me with glowing eyes, as if she was awestruck by simply my presence, which I found a little daunting.

Ferns rustled and Huckleberry came out from the medicine den, "What's all the ruckus?"

I jumped off Tropickit, "Nothing. Just, I have a question."

I continued slyly, "Tropickit told me that medicine cats have prophecies ALL THE TIME. Do you have one for me? One that predicts I am the best hunter ever?"

Huckleberry flicked her ears, bemused, "No. Starclan has not spoken to me lately."

Tropickit stood up and padded over to her, "Prophecies don't come

at will."

Huckleberry meowed absentmindedly, "You know, I've been looking to take on an apprentice soon. Would any of you like to be a medicine cat?"

I wrinkled my nose, "No. Not me, anyways."

Glancing sideways at the rest of my friends, I watched their reactions carefully.

Lilykit mewed cautiously, "I wouldn't mind. I'm not sure, though..."

To no cat's surprise, Tropickit proclaimed confidently, "I wanna be a medicine cat!"

Morningkit called noisily, "Stormkit? Would you like to be a medicine cat?"

Stormkit nosed his way blearily out of the nursery, blinking away sleep, "Medicine cat? No, I think I'll be a warrior, thanks."

A rumbling laugh made it's way up my throat to see Stormkit acting so completely out of it.

Huckleberry rest her tail gently on Tropickit's spine, "I'll have to ask Eaglekit and Treekit but I think you could be my apprentice."

With that, she pushed her way back into the medicine den, the ferns swaying.

Tropickit couldn't hide the ginormous grin on her face, "Just imagine! In a less than a moon, we'll all be apprentices!"

Chapter Two

The ferns rustled and I lifted my head eagerly. Amberstorm and her mate, Claywhisker, led a hunting patrol of Eaglepaw, Thistletail and Treepaw into the clearing. The brand new apprentices each carried a mouse. They had been given their new name only yesterday, along with Nightpaw, who was picking through the fresh-kill pile. The smooth-pelted she-cat purred as they added their catches.

Lilykit, my best friend, beckoned with her tail as she padded towards them, "Come on, Mistykit! Let's go greet Claywhisker!"

I meowed cheerily, "Maybe he's brought some yummy sparrows."

Lilykit scrunched up her nose, "I don't get it. How do you eat a thing with so many feathers? I'd rather he got a vole."

Picking up the pace, she ran at Claywhisker, purring, "You're back!"

I made to follow but a shiver crept up my spine and I looked up. A shadow crossed the cloudless sky. A shadow with wings.

"Eagle!" I let out a screech, digging in my claws.

Lilykit froze, crouching fearfully as the bird of prey swooped. Amberstorm, letting out a startled yowl, threw herself towards Lilykit. But Claywhisker got there first, swiping at the eagle fiercely. It slashed its sharp talons across his chest and face, slapping his sides with its wings.

Sunmist and Tigerpearl, hissing, took Claywhisker's place as he fell. Overwhelmed, the eagle turned and flew off, squawking furiously.

Sunmist turned towards me, giving me a quick lick, "Are you all right? Don't worry, it's gone now. Let's get you back in the nursery,

little one."

Her voice was husky, layered with grief that she could not hide. I whimpered as I felt her teeth sinking into my scruff, staring wordlessly at the still body of Claywhisker.

Amberstorm wailed louder than anything I had ever heard before. She buried her muzzle into her mate's fur. Tigerpearl, Claywhisker's kit and Stonetail's brother, sat beside him, head drooping. Littlebird pushed past us and out of the nursery, barely glancing at me.

Suddenly, Amberstorm lifted her head and glared at Littlebird. As I was finally carried into the nursery, I saw Littlebird stop and sit a respectful distance away from the mourning kin.

Sunmist, the golden she-cat with grey splotches, led a patrol of Tigerpearl, Eaglepaw and Amberstorm into the clearing, each carrying a piece of prey. Eaglepaw lifted his chin and showed off his first squirrel to Treepaw. I watched the battle-scarred warriors licking their wounds outside of the medicine den.

After the last gathering, Shadowclan had declared war on Skyclan for more territory. They believed that Skyclan should not be living amongst the other clans at all.

In the invasion that followed, we had lost Littlebird who died saving Morningkit and me. We had all supposed to have been mourning her but I could not. I would not mourn when I could do something that could actually help.

Waiting until the warriors were looking away, I slipped out of the camp, beckoning my tail for Tropickit, Lilykit and Stormkit to follow. We ran along the familiar route, halting as I sniffed the air. Even from several tail-lengths away, I could smell the rancid smell of the fox den. The foxes were gone now, driven away by Sunmist, Tigerpearl and Patchwhisker two moons ago so the scent was stale.

We dove inside of the den, were we'd hollowed it out so it was even bigger than before. Beekit from Thunderclan was sorting through the small fresh-kill pile. This old fox den had been turned into a safe haven for all kits and apprentices from all clans. In here, me, Lilykit

and Stormkit were raising a generation of peace that could hopefully stop the war if it went on for more than a year. Tropickit was our medicine cat in training.

I jumped onto a pile of rocks and yowled, "All kits and apprentices over the age of three moons, come here!"

As they gathered, I declared, "Me, Lilykit and Stormkit will become apprentices tomorrow morning. Tropickit will be apprenticed to Huckleberry. This will benefit us all greatly as we shall have more experienced cats at our paws if it is needed that we defend ourselves. Soon, in fact, we shall all be apprenticed! When we are at least some apprentices and most warriors, if the war hasn't stopped then, we shall rise up and demand peace for all the clans! Tell all other members of Peaceclan about what went on today. Meeting adjourned."

As I jumped off the Rock Pile, the kits yowled in agreement and satisfaction.

I smiled to myself, "Peaceclan shall succeed. We shall bring peace to all the clans!"

A/N

alrighty... so Mistykit has decided to start a cult! >:D

- quill

Chapter Three

The next morning, Hawkstar stood atop the Great Tree, "Let all cats old enough to climb gather beneath me!"

I mentally took notes on how he summoned the whole clan as Sunmist, Littlebird's sister, washed me and Lilykit. Tropickit bounced everywhere, her fur fluffed up and her tail sticking straighter than ever. Stormkit was licking his paws beside her.

As every cat settled down around us, Hawkstar declared, "Today, three young kits will join Eaglepaw, Treepaw, and Nightpaw in the apprentices' den! Amberstorm, you are brave yet kind and shall be more than a suitable mentor for Lilypaw. Tigerpearl, you are fierce but you have always put your clan first, I hope you will teach Stormpaw everything you know! And Sunmist, you are the most wisely patient and brave warrior this clan shall ever have! With you looking after her, Mistypaw shall be as patient and brave as you!"

He looked to us, "Lilykit, Stormkit and Mistykit! By the power of Starclan, from now on, you shall be known as Lilypaw, Stormpaw and Mistypaw!"

He touched his nose to ours one by one and the clan bellowed, "Lilypaw, Stormpaw, Mistypaw!"

I puffed out my chest, ruining my just-groomed fur as Huckleberry continued for Hawkstar, "Tropickit. Will you be my apprentice? Will you serve Starclan forever and stay at peace with each clan's medicine cats even in war?"

Tropickit looked up at Huckleberry with awe, "I will."

She exclaimed, "Then you shall travel with me to the Moonpool tonight!"

The thoughts in my mind drowned out the clans' cheers; Peaceclan would have a proper medicine cat, at last.

A/N

Filler chapter AF.

I'm so sorry for the shortness!!

Chapter Four

Stormpaw lifted his hunches and I did the same.

Sunmist criticised, prodding me, "Mistypaw, you have to be able to balance!"

Tigerpearl told Stormpaw, "Remember what I taught you; watch what fighting trick she favours most and find her weak spot!"

The couple stepped back, "Come on! Start when you're- "

I jumped at Stormpaw but he skidded away from me, rearing onto his hind legs and batting at my exposed underbelly. But his blows didn't land as I twist away from him in midair and landed nearby.

I noticed that he watched me carefully so I feigned an attack to the right and when he dodged in the opposite direction, I pounced towards the left, crashing into him. We rolled around, each trying to achieve the upper paw.

Finally, Stormpaw pinned me to the ground and I raised my hind legs, batting him off. Immediately, I pounced on him, holding him down as I cuffed his ears sharply. He fell limp for a second and my grip loosened, thinking I'd won.

Then he suddenly brought his rear legs up and kicked me away. I flailed in the air, trying to regain my balance and landing on my side. Stormpaw rushed towards me for the final blow and when he was nearly on me, I reared up and sent him crashing to the ground before jumping on him once again.

Sunmist exclaimed, "All right! Good job, both of you."

I got off him as Stormpaw stood up, purring, "Nice, Mistypaw."

Surprised, I agreed readily, "Thanks. You were awesome as well. I liked how you faked defeat."

We walked off, pelts brushing lightly in a mutual friendship that warmed me to the heart. As we reached the main clearing, I headed for the fresh-kill pile and Lilypaw bounced towards me, all fluffed up and eager to chat.

I nodded at her, "Feel free to join me at the fresh-kill pile." I glanced expectantly at Stormpaw, "You can come too."

He shook his head and I tried to not let my disappointment show, "No, it's fine. I need to talk to Tigerpearl."

He walked away, picking up a squirrel as he did. Lilypaw picked out a plump thrush, "Here, have some. I can't finish it all by myself."

I blinked gratefully at her and crouched down to take a bite. Suddenly, a jet black she-cat bounced up to us, "Hi!"

I lifted my head, chewing, "Hi, Nightpaw."

I didn't know what I felt about this fellow apprentice yet. She'd been found a few days after I was and it was very likely that we were related in some way. One moon older than me, she'd hung out with Eaglepaw and Treepaw when we were still kits.

They never paid attention to us younger kits.

She was outgoing and always had a quick remark. She was also known to rush quickly into fights.

As Nightpaw scooped out a mouse, she nudged me, "Soo, you like Stormpaw?"

My pelt unconsciously ruffled and my tail spiked up. Stormpaw was like a brother to me. But did I like him in a more intimate way?

Trying to seem nonchalant, I shrugged, "He's a great fighting partner. That's all."

Nightpaw sighed, "Yeah, well he's not as good a climber as Treepaw."

I stared at her, "Do you like HIM?"

She tilted her head at me, "What if I do?"

I rolled my eyes disdainfully, "He's so arrogant, that's all."

Nightpaw countered, "He's got ambitions, unlike Stormpaw! I swear, that cat's always thinking about how good someone else is."

I protested, "There's nothing wrong with that, though. You wouldn't want someone like Tigerstar, would you?"

Swiftly ignoring me, Nightpaw looked to Lilypaw, "What about you? Who do you like?"

Lilypaw seemed startled, as if she didn't think she'd have to contribute in this conversation, "No one. I don't like any tom."

I suggested, "Maybe you'll like someone when you grow up."

Lilypaw shook her head, "I don't think I will."

Nightpaw narrowed her eyes, "Are you sure? What about Eaglepaw? He certainly seems like he likes you!"

Lilypaw looked embarrassed, "No, no. I only think of him as a friend. He thinks the same of me."

Nightpaw let out a long sigh, stood up, shook her pelt and walked away, "Whatever. You guys are so boring."

I stood up as well, "I think I'm full. I'll go ask around if we can go hunting."

Lilypaw nodded and resumed eating her part of the thrush, seeming slightly crestfallen. Regret itched my paws. I hadn't really listened to her today. It didn't matter, I reassured myself. There was always tomorrow.

I looked around the clearing.

Eaglepaw and Treepaw were cleaning the elder's den and I didn't want to bring Nightpaw. My mentor had just finished eating and was talking to Tigerpearl.

Tigerpearl!

If Tigerpearl was with Sunmist, where was Stormpaw?

I looked around and suddenly I saw him, walking across to me, "Mistypaw."

I pricked my ears, "Stormpaw, what is it?"

He seemed eager, "We should go check on Peaceclan! Maybe hunt on the way. The burrow's most crowded at sun-high when everyone is hunting. Beepaw could be there!" He hesitated, "I mean, Beepaw and all the other apprentices."

I tried not to look bemused, "Sure. Let's go. Get Tropicpaw, we can say we're taking her to collect herbs. Oh, and Lilypaw if she's finished eating."

He rushed off.

Why hadn't I thought of Beepaw, the pretty, honey-coloured Thunderclan apprentice? She and Stormpaw had spent a lot of time together as kits when Littlebird had just died. They would've formed a close friendship.

Maybe more than a friendship, now.

I purred, it was good for them. I didn't really like Stormpaw in that way and didn't think I ever would. Besides, in the world that Peaceclan was trying to make, inter-clan-mating would be allowed. So I could only hope that we would succeed. When Tropicpaw, Lilypaw and Stormpaw had returned, we pushed through the ferns and out of camp.

As we walked along the way to the fox den, I could smell our own stale scents from a week ago. I realised that we hadn't checked up on Peaceclan for a long time. As we arrived and crawled into the den, we were immediately squished to one side as a group of apprentices left.

"Beepaw!"

Stormpaw rushed towards her and they wove around each other, purring happily. I put on an impenetrable expression as many cats approached me, mewing greetings; a leader had to be serious. As we nodded greetings to all our clan-mates, a tom with a coat of fire approached me. He glared at me, "So, I heard you're the leader of Peaceclan."

I mewed, "And who are you?"

The tom tilted his chin, "I'm Fallenpaw of Riverclan. This is my sister, Amberpaw. We'd like to join Peaceclan."

A smaller, orange cat came into view and everyone gasped; a claw mark went straight through one of her eyes, but it was still open.

I stopped myself from gasping along with everyone else and nodded my head as smoothly and nonchalantly as possible, "You two are welcome to stay in Peaceclan for as long as you need. Just so long as you swear to defend Peaceclan and hunt for us. Do not reveal Peaceclan to anyone outside of here unless ordered by me or Lilypaw."

They said at the same time, "We swear."

As the crowd slowly dispersed, I mewed cautiously, "Where did your mother get your strange name from?"

Fallenpaw lashed his tail, "When I was born, a browning leaf of leaf-fall fell onto my forehead and left this mark."

I realised that there was a wonky, leaf-shaped splotch of white on his forehead as he continued, "My mother thought it was a blessing from Starclan and named me Fallenpaw. However, Reedstar thought it meant I would have something to do with Skyclan because leaves come from trees and wanted to banish me immediately. He did not, in the end. But it was a close call and now every cat in Riverclan treats me with caution."

Amused, I told him, "You will always have a safe refuge in Peaceclan, even if you have a leaf-shaped mark on you forehead."

Fallenpaw, nodded as his sister purred gratefully. I turned away,

getting a suspicious tugging feeling about that Fallenpaw.

Chapter Five

I picked up the stick with my teeth and attached a scrap of moss laden with mouse bile onto one end, poking into Foxstrike's fur. The bright ginger elder had seemed lonely by himself so Amberstorm had sent me to get rid of his tics and Lilypaw to rearrange his bedding, not that there were any tics in his fur or thorns in his bedding. Still, I feel sorry for Stormpaw and Treepaw, who had to clean up and reweave the entire warrior's den.

Wrinkling my nose, I meowed sourly, "'a you 'eel 'ny 'icks?"

Foxstrike answered patiently, betraying only a hint of annoyance, "I'm fine, I don't have any ticks at all."

To Lilypaw, he added, "I've already checked, there are no thorns. You're wasting your time."

Lilypaw stopped pawing and meowed a little apologetically, "At least let me get you some new, fresh moss."

The elder grunted, "Hrmph, sure."

When Lilypaw had hurried off, I spat out the stick and flicked my tail curiously, "You're Hawkstar's father, right?" Without waiting for an answer, I continued, "Who was his mother?"

Foxstrike purred, happy for once, "Whispersong was the most beautiful cat ever. I believe she is happy that her son has had his own kits, Littlebird and Bluepaw."

I pricked my ears, "Bluepaw? Didn't she run away to become a full-time kittypet?"

He sighed, "Yes, and Littlebird joined her for awhile, but I am glad that she is back."

I suddenly thought of something, "Who was Claywhisker's parents?"

Foxstrike let out a purr, "Ah, yes, I remember them. They were the happiest couple ever. Mossfur and Thornear." His gaze darkened, "Until the war that killed them both."

I tried to steer the conversation towards a positive topic, "It's nice that Amberstorm had a second litter, isn't it? Tigerpearl will have little brothers now. I wonder if Hawkstar should've made Tigerpearl the mentor of one of his brothers. And what about Sunmist? She's surely been a warrior long enough to be a mentor. Why choose her father, Thistletail, instead of her?"

Foxstrike explained patiently, "Well, Hawkstar's got to think, hasn't he? Treepaw's always been rather ambitious and Claywhisker is his father and so will be able to keep him under control. As well as that, Patchwhisker is an extremely experienced warrior compared to Sunmist or Tigerpearl. Thistletail is equally humble, but firm enough to quell the trouble-making Eaglepaw at all times."

I meowed hopefully, "Maybe I'll be Morningkit's mentor some day."

Foxstrike blinked kindly, "Morningkit will be an apprentice on the same day you will become a warrior. It's unlikely, but who knows?"

I fell silent as Lilypaw slipped back in, moss hanging from her mouth. Standing up, I flicked my ears, "I'm going to get some feathers. I think I saw Thistletail and Eaglepaw bring back a young thrush or two this sunrise."

Pushing my way out of the elder's den, I headed towards the fresh-kill pile. I'd kept my promise to Littlebird all along. But I probably wouldn't be able to protect her as a mentor when Morningkit became an apprentice. I would just have to leave that up to her mentor.

Plucking a few sparrow and thrush feathers, I headed back to where Foxstrike was watching Lilypaw remake his moss bed.

A/N

This chapter was mostly to introduce a rough family tree!

- quill

Chapter Six

I wondered if Amberstorm was watching me right at that moment, hiding in the trees nearby. I could certainly smell her. Sunmist had taken to the nursery with Tigerpearl's kits so Amberstorm was also assessing me. My heart sped up as I scanned the undergrowth eagerly and my eyes fell on a rabbit.

What was a rabbit doing here?

I eyed the Windclan border warily as I flattened myself to the ground. If it was here, it would mean the rabbit was not close to it's burrow. So it couldn't get away that easily.

Besides, if I caught it, it would be pretty impressive. As I crept towards it, I heard paw steps nearby. Amberstorm's watching me! I pounced, closing my claws around it's neck and killing it in one bite before it had time to react at all. My mouth watered at the succulent smell of prey.

"Hey! That's not yours!"

I whirled around, eyes widening as I saw a Windclan patrol snarling at me. Harepaw, a younger apprentice I'd chatted with at gatherings paced behind the older warriors.

Larkwing puffed up his tail and mewed maliciously, "Apprentice, give that rabbit to us. Be good."

My fur shook incredulously and I held his gaze, one paw over the rabbit, "I caught this with my own paws and skill in MY territory. How is it not mine?"

Wrenflight explained, slightly more patiently, "We were chasing a rabbit. We think yours is the one."

I snapped, "Well, if it is, looks like you weren't skilled enough to catch it and I was."

Larkwing took a step forward and Harepaw hurried to copy him. Wrenflight raised her hackles.

"Mistypaw! Stop!"

A golden-brown she-cat jumped down from a tree, pelt ruffled. I protested, "But, Amberstorm! I caught the rabbit!"

Amberstorm flicked her tail, "I know, but it's not worth fighting over. Just give it to them."

I flattened my ears but picked up the rabbit and tossed it over the border and into Windclan's land.

Larkwing snarled as Harepaw picked it up, "This wasn't the first time Skyclan had stolen our prey. I led a patrol here yesterday and we smelt Skyclan scent in our territory."

It was a daring accusation that could lead to a scuffle but Amberstorm merely dipped her head calmly, "Green-leaf is generous to all; prey is plentiful both in the forest and in the moors. We would have no reason to steal from Windclan."

Wrenflight took a step forward, changing the subject, "What's an apprentice doing by herself, anyways?"

I puffed out my chest, "I was in the middle of my warrior assessment!"

Suddenly, I realised that I was supposed to be hunting and shifted my paws awkwardly, glancing at Amberstorm, "I didn't pass, did I? Because I caught another Clan's prey?"

She purred, "You did exceptionally well, Mistypaw. It may not have been our prey, but that rabbit never even heard or smelt you. Anyway, if you go catch a squirrel now, you'll pass for sure. Go on."

I turned and bolted into the forest, only mildly concerned about how Amberstorm might confront the Windclan patrol. Making sure to step lightly, I parted my mouth to taste the air. There was a mouse hiding somewhere to my right and a thrush was pecking at the forest ground a little further in front of me.

And - there!

A squirrel nibbled on an acorn by the base of the tree to my left. I changed direction and quickened my pace, heading towards the squirrel eagerly. It's ears suddenly perked up and it stilled. I pounced as it darted up the tree trunk. Not willing to give up, I jumped up and batted the squirrel off of the tree and it landed on it's back.

Quickly, I pinned it down and killed it.

I added, triumphantly, "Thank you, Starclan, for this prey."

In the moon that followed, there would be a climbing assessment and a fighting assessment. I had a little time in between to prepare for each one.

Starclan forbid that I fail!

A/N

Did you know that Sootfur was killed the same was as his mother?

It's a rather gruesome but low-key touching connection, IMO.

- quill

Chapter Seven

The sun shone its rays down upon us in the last few days of green-leaf as I shared tongues with Lilypaw. The newborn members of the clan, Crowkit, Falconkit and Sparkkit were running around camp, full of energy as their mother, Sunmist, rushed after them. Barkpelt, our deputy, had retired a week ago so Amberstorm had taken on the role.

Nightpelt, Treeclimber and Eaglesoar had received their warrior names half a moon ago and were now forever prancing around camp like they were special.

A lot had happened in a moon.

Hawkstar had been acting strangely and I couldn't help feeling worried when he emerged from his den. As Hawkstar climbed up the Great Tree and settled down, the clan was already gathering and he seemed to decide there was no need to call everyone.

So Hawkstar got straight to it, "Today, Lilypaw, Mistypaw, Stormpaw and Morningpaw will become - "

Outraged yowls interrupted him. Nightpelt protested, "Morningkit isn't even an apprentice yet! What're you talking about?"

Eaglesoar yowled his agreement, "Yeah! Isn't she only becoming an apprentice today?"

Amberstorm rushed to the base of the Great Tree, "Calm down! Hawkstar only made a mistake, it happens."

Hawkstar glanced gratefully at his deputy before continuing, "Lilypaw, Mistypaw and Stormpaw will now be known as Lilypad, Mistysky and Stormcloud. They will start their vigil tonight."

The clan hesitantly started cheering and Amberstorm yowled loudly, "Lilypad, Mistysky, Stormcloud!"

Hawkstar raised a paw and the cheering died down, "MorningKIT, you will now be known as Morningpaw and your mentor will be Lilypad. She is - "

The clan erupted in hisses and lashing tails. Treeclimber reared up onto his hind legs furiously, "What in Starclan do you mean?! Lilypad has JUST become a warrior! How can she be mentor already?"

Hawkstar blinked calmly, "My apologies, I meant Eaglesoar. Eaglesoar, you are brave and sensible, I hope you will pass on all you know to Morningpaw."

Eaglesoar and Morningpaw touched noses but the clan was already breaking off in a grumble. I sat where I was, watching Morningpaw and her mentor talk to each other.

"So? Do you like your new name?"

I turned, startled to see Lilypad, "I like it as much as I will like any name given to me. I don't mind so long as I will be able to serve my clan until my last breath under this name."

Lilypad looked at me, horrified and I nudged her playfully, "Just kidding, I love this name. What about you?"

She grinned, "I like this name. It's very nice." Lilypad added cautiously, "Though sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I had been the medicine cat apprentice. Would I have a different name?"

I chided her, "Don't get all stuck up in the past! Serve this clan well in the present and look towards an even better future."

She nodded, "Of course. You're right."

But I noticed that she still looked uncertain as she walked away to talk to Eaglesoar and Nightpelt. Tropicpaw bounced up to me, "I'll be going to the Moonpool to receive my full name in a moon!"

I grinned, "I never asked. What would you like to be called?"

She thought for a moment, "Well... Tropictree is tolerable but Tropicfur is just horrid. I like the sound of Tropicleaf, I guess. It sounds like a newfound season!"

I purred, "Well, Tropicleaf, I hope you get the name you want."

Tropicpaw started to mew, "Thanks -"

"Mistypaw!"

Two cats burst into the clearing, panting heavily, their fur puffed out. I jumped up, "Fallenpaw! What're you doing here?"

"Good question. What ARE you doing here?" Amberstorm swished her tail angrily, "Do I smell Thunderclan as well?"

Stormcloud sprang up, a piece of prey basically falling out of his mouth, "Beepaw?"

Eyes wide, I didn't have a logical answer to Amberstorm's first question. Thankfully, Fallenpaw did, "Some mouse-brained apprentices brought back Twoleg food and the elders got sick! We need Mistypaw and Tropicpaw's help."

Amberstorm narrowed her eyes, "That doesn't explain why 'Beepaw' is here."

Beepaw explained, "Some of Thunderclan's warriors are SEVERELY HURT from a border DISPUTE and we were RUNNING out of herbs. So we got Riverclan's help and now Riverclan is MISSING a medicine CAT to help themselves!"

Amberstorm hissed, trapped, "Huckleberry's collecting herbs so you'll have to take Tropicpaw. Mistysky, I suppose you should go with her for protection, just in case. Consider it your first test as warrior."

Tropicpaw glanced at me worriedly and I realised that this was the first time she would have to deal with sick cats alone. Emphatically, I rested my tail on her back and we followed Fallenpaw and Beepaw out of camp. As soon as we were out of Amberstorm's earshot, Fallenpaw turned on me, "MistySKY?"

I tilted my chin, "Yup. I got my warrior name just then!"

He dipped his head, "Well, I already got my name yesterday. You can call me Fallenleaf."

I nudged him, "I'm surprised your leader's basically letting everyone know of your namesake."

Fallenleaf shrugged, "He's given up."

I purred, bemused. Beepaw mewed proudly, "I'm now Beestripe, if you don't mind."

She added, "This isn't really about a border dispute, Twoleg food sickness, by the way. Peaceclan was found out by Thunderclan! There was a dispute and some cats fled."

Fallenleaf lifted his head, "We didn't! Those that left were cowards that don't deserve to be in Peaceclan!"

I quickened my pace, "What happened?"

Beestripe lashed her tail, "They followed my scent to the den. Bravestar is going to reveal us at the next gathering! We're all doomed!"

Tropicpaw paled, "But we worked so hard for Peaceclan! It can't end like this!"

I broke into a run, using my nose to scent out the nearest way to Thunderclan, "We've got to talk to Bravestar! I'm sure I can talk him out of it."

Chapter Eight

I burst into Thunderclan's clearing much like how Fallenleaf and Beestripe had burst into Skyclan's. My paws were aching from running the whole way and I panted nonstop. Littlemouse gathered up her kits with a sweep of her tail and her sister, Snowsoot, leaped up protectively, "What is this?"

Thunderclan cats looked up from their everyday duties and started throwing a mixture of questions and threats at me.

I straightened up, "I must speak with Bravestar. Tell him it is Mistysky of Skyclan."

Whiteslash, Bravestar's deputy, broke off from the crowd and disappeared into the leader's den. As he did so, Fallenleaf, Beestripe and Tropicpaw thrust their way into the camp. Fallenleaf and Beestripe stood either side of me, pelts brushing mine to show their support.

Tropicpaw lifted her chin determinedly beside Beestripe. A moment later, Whiteslash reappeared with a golden-brown tom-cat with confidence and power emanating off of him.

Bravestar glanced at Beestripe and beckoned for me to follow him, "Come, Mistysky."

He led me into his den and sat down comfortably in his moss bed. I sat opposite him, raising my head to meet his calculating eyes.

As he spoke, Whiteslash entered the den, "I think I know what has brought you here."

I looked pointedly at Whiteslash, "What I wish to argue, I wish to argue in confidence."

Bravestar purred, amused, "Oh, Whiteslash? He won't tell any cat if I don't tell him to."

Whiteslash dipped his head respectfully, but I noticed how his tail flicked irritably.

"Of course." I nodded, "I received intel that you have come across Peaceclan."

Bravestar mewed carelessly, "We shall report everything at the Clan gathering. Don't you think it will be better this way? The Clans will have to decide whether to keep this new Peaceclan or not."

I argued, "But what if they decide not to? What will we do then?"

Whiteslash offered, "I personally think Peaceclan is a good idea. But many cats don't. And when they openly share their opinion at the next full moon, Peaceclan will have to disband or get driven out."

I looked at him reproachfully, "You could try to convince some others. It wouldn't hurt. I will tell my clan mates in Peaceclan to reveal themselves to their leaders. It will be an extremely large number and the Clans will not be able to afford to kick us out."

Bravestar thought for a moment before admitting, "A good plan. It might actually work."

I felt confident, "Then it is decided, I shall go notice all of my clan mates in Peaceclan now. Then we shall discuss further at the next gathering."

Bravestar flicked his tail at Whiteslash, "Escort her out."

I stood up and turned, emerging into the open clan clearing. Whiteslash followed closely behind. Snowsoot was still lashing her tail and hissing at Beestripe, Fallenleaf and Tropicpaw in front of the nursery. A few other cats were hanging about, shooting my friends overly hostile glares.

I spotted Spiderpaw and Lionpaw - two of the younger apprentices in Peaceclan - watching uncertainly and raised my voice, "Every cat in Peaceclan shall notify their leaders. Reveal themselves in large numbers."

Whiteslash flicked his ears, "Of course. By the way, is there any

chance in joining Peaceclan?"

Unconsciously, I raised my hunches and my tail puffed out. Did he want to join?

I smoothed down my fur, "Wouldn't Bravestar disapprove?"

Whiteslash forced out a purr, "The old cat doesn't know how much Peaceclan could help with the war. Like it's name suggests, it could bring peace to all the clans!"

I tried to speak cautiously, "It's good that someone outside of Peaceclan can understand. But you're a deputy. It would bring shame to Thunderclan to have the deputy go behind Bravestar's back."

"Shame to Thunderclan?" Beestripe perked her ears up, padding towards us.

Tropicpaw was behind her, looking concerned, "What do you mean? What happened?"

I gestured at Whiteslash with my tail, "He wants to join us. He wants to join Peaceclan."

Beestripe flattened her ears, "You can't be serious."

Tropicpaw added, "A few young warriors is bad enough. Whiteslash is an experienced warrior! It would be embarrassing!"

I flattened my ears as well, baring my teeth, "Okay. OKAY! I got it!" Turning to, Whiteslash, "We can talk later."

The snow-white tom nodded, slipping into a group of Thunderclan gossipers as I marched off. Fallenleaf was facing off Poppyflower, "Peaceclan is not hostile, FOR THE LAST TIME!"

The she-cat remained uncertain, "I dunno... I just wanna make sure you won't start a war. It won't be good for my kits!"

Fallenleaf shook his head, "I promise. LIKE I SAID ALREADY-"

I interrupted, inserting myself between them, "Congratulations! Who's the father? Oh, sorry! Gotta go! Come on, Fallenleaf!"

As I pushed Fallenleaf out of the clearing, I heard Poppyflower answer proudly, "The father's Snakestrike!"

Fallenleaf murmured, "Queens!"

I looked at him, amused, "You're never gonna have kits of your own?"

He puffed out his chest, "Never! I don't need them to drag me down."

Tropicpaw and I rolled our eyes at each other.

A/N

Hey my dear readers!

If you liked this chapter, it would really boost my confidence to see a vote pop up in my notifs!

- quill

Chapter Nine

I twined my tail with Tropicpalm - who had received her medicine cat name and liked it way too much - briefly, pressed my muzzle against Lilypad's before resting my tail on Stormcloud's spine reassuringly. I wrinkled my nose; I could smell their fear scent, "Don't worry. May Starclan help us all survive this battle."

Lilypad gave her chest an embarrassed lick, "I'm just a little scared. What if Beestripe and Fallenleaf don't come!?"

I growled, "They had better come."

Stormcloud gulped, "But - but Beestripe's still extremely hurt! She's still limping!"

We all stiffened to look at him and some Peaceclan warriors shifted uneasily. Most of us hadn't seen Beestripe since the last battle. She'd been kept in the medicine cat's den by Yellowpaw; Tropicpalm's unofficial apprentice. I'd thought that she would be able to fight, apparently not.

I lashed my tail, "Why didn't you speak of this sooner? Beestripe can't fight!"

"I can!"

A tawny she-cat with black stripes walked over with Fallenleaf beside her. There was a long and deep scratch down her side and she was favouring her back paws as her front-left paw was covered in cobwebs.

A few warriors followed them obediently. Stormcloud rushed forward and pressed his muzzle into Beestripe's affectionately.

Fallenleaf and I rolled our eyes at the same time, "Urgh - couples."

Lilypad glanced at us briefly before focusing her intense gaze at Beestripe, "You can't fight! We can't risk it with you injuries. You're

not fighting. End of discussion."

Beestripe raised her hunches but dipped her head in consent, "All right." In a quieter voice, she said, "Mistysky? I have to tell you something."

As Lilypad pushed Stormcloud along and all the warriors followed, I fell back with Beestripe, "Yes?"

She told me warningly, "Be careful of Whiteslash. I know he said Thunderclan would fight beside us. But I've heard him plotting to join Riverclan and Windclan's side in the middle of the battle."

He wouldn't dare. For the first time today, I felt scared by the prospect of going to war. Was Peaceclan ready? And if we weren't, what would happen? What if we lost? What if Whiteslash betrayed us? I shook my head, "I'll take that into account. Thank you, Beestripe. Now, go rest up."

We left Beestripe in the fox den with three apprentices and one experienced warrior as we ventured further into the forest. At a certain point, Lilypad warned the warriors to tread lightly for we were near the Windclan camp.

We had loyal warriors in Windclan who would happily rise up if we needed them to. But we could also count on Riverclan trying to help Windclan. Stormcloud and Lilypad led the patrols that would hide in the trees around the territory, ready to jump down as soon as Riverclan appeared.

Me and Fallenleaf would lead the larger patrol that would attack straight on and make Windclan pay for destroying half of Peaceclan's camp. Whiteslash emerged from the undergrowth with another patrol of Thunderclan warriors who hid in the bushes to assist Stormcloud's group.

I checked that everyone was ready before, beckoning for them to follow, I rushed in to the camp with a ferocious caterwaul, "Attack!!!"

As we streamed in, I crashed into Larkwing, claws flailing. With the

element of surprise on my side, I managed to gain the upper paw, raking my claws across his side. The brown tom brought up his hind legs and attempted to kick me off, scrabbling at my underbelly.

I cuffed him over the ears before jumping off, snarling, "You used to be a good warrior. But you've gotten old."

Larkwing straightened up and dashed at me again, aiming a blow at my ears. His claws never landed as I dodged and used one paw to hook his scruff and jerk him away. As he skidded, the old warrior collapsed onto his side and Windclan's medicine cat, Violetshade, dragged him away.

I looked around and was pleased to see that we were already winning. Fallenleaf was chasing off a fleeing warrior and the members of Peaceclan in Windclan was fighting alongside of us. I saw Pearlstorm face off her littermate and Darkfang turn on his deputy.

"Harespring! How dare you!"

I turned around to see Harespring cowering in front of Wrenflight, his mother. I leaped in between them, baring my teeth at Wrenflight and letting my claws slide out. The brown-grey she-cat launched herself at me and I dodged.

As I did, she landed and, without a pause, scratched my nose twice before I pounced at her and we rolled on the floor, both of us yowling. Suddenly, Harespring threw himself into the brawl, pushing Wrenflight off of me and then jumping off her.

She stared at her son, eyes wide with hurt then turned and ran off.

I padded over to Harespring, who was frozen to the spot, and rested my tail on his back, "Don't worry. She wasn't hurt. Besides, she just doesn't understand how important Peaceclan could be."

He turned to face me, unsheathing his claws, "Well, I hope it's okay if I don't understand either."

I took a step backwards but not before he rose onto his hind legs and tore the fur off my shoulders. Yowling, I took the opportunity

and scored my claws across his underbelly.

As he fell, in pain, I raked my claws down his face and nose, "Traitor!!"

Rising up, I got ready to deliver the final blow. A stream of Riverclan cats pour into the camp and suddenly, more members of Peaceclan were dropping from trees everywhere as Whiteslash's patrol emerges from the bushes.

I bring my paw down but Harespring jumps up, pushing out with his front claws and sending me flying. My vision blurs as I crash into the warriors' den but I get up, shake my head into focus, and run back out to face Harespring with all my strength. I scan the battle for the tom but he's nowhere to be seen.

Instead, Whiteslash approaches me, his tail bushed up triumphantly, "The battle is going well."

I remember what Beestripe told me and raise my hunches, flattening my ears, "I heard you were going to betray us. Is that true?"

The white tom blinked for three heartbeats but then unsheathed his claws, "You ruined my surprise!"

I dodged his first blow, shrieking, "Peaceclan! Thunderclan is now our enemy!"

Then Whiteslash jumped on me, scratching my nose and ears. I scrabbled at his underbelly, attempting to kick him off but he was just too heavy. His weight was abruptly lifted off me as I saw Fallenleaf dragging him.

When I got up, the two toms were at each other's throats, each clawing and hissing like their lives depended on it. Courageously, I whammed into Whiteslash and he landed on all four paws, sizing up the two of us for a moment before rushing off with his tail between his legs. I panted and Fallenleaf brushed his pelt with mine, twining our tails for a moment.

I let out a purr, "Thanks for having my back."

He licked the scratch on my ear, "Always. Thanks for having mine."

I nodded back, then we both leaped back into the battle, more determined to win than ever.

Chapter Ten

I sat next to the entrance to the medicine den, eyes grazing over all the injuries of my warriors from the battle. It hadn't gone too long. As soon as Whiteslash fled, the Thunderclan patrol followed him and then it was just Peaceclan against Riverclan and Windclan. Well, Riverclan and Windclan minus all the traitors that were really on our side.

In the end, Riverclan called the backup forces but still fled after only a little while. Windclan, left on their own, surrendered immediately. Because our injuries were not that bad, I got Tropicpalm and Yellowpaw to help treat Windclan's injuries. Since most of their warriors were too hurt, I got some of mine to catch them prey. We were still in the Windclan camp and I was keeping watch, making sure to break up any arguments that looked like it could escalate into a fight.

Now, Lemonstar approached me, tail lashing, "What is it you're trying to get at? First you beat us up, then you start catching us prey?"

I avoided her heated gaze, feeling a sort of guilt seep through my pelt then anger at feeling ashamed at all.

Taking a deep breath, I explained, "You destroyed half of our camp not too recently. The war was a show of strength. To show that we were not just a bunch of weaklings hiding from war. We are helping you now to show that we can be friendly. That we can be fierce warriors but also want peace."

Lemonstar pelt ruffled, her voice sly and challenging, "You speak like you conduct this clan. But are you really the leader? Has Starclan given you nine lives?"

I glanced at her, wondering what she was trying to say, "No. I have not asked for nine lives yet. However, that might be a good idea."

"I'm sure the clans would respect you more if you got nine lives. That would mean that Starclan accepted you." Lemonstar smoothed her pelt, sitting down beside me, "When I became leader, Windclan did not approve of me. They thought I was too young and did not respect me. The other leaders also looked down their noses at me. They thought they could steal prey from me with no consequences. But I proved myself to be capable of everything when I attacked them."

I nodded, remembering the chaotic times. But Lemonstar caught my eye, "However, that only made them fear me. I wanted them to know that I was a good leader. So I helped all the clans restore themselves to full health and created some useful allies."

I flicked my ears, "Are you offering to ally with Peaceclan?"

Lemonstar let out a purr of laughter, "Under the circumstances, no. You have injured my warriors!"

I looked at her hopefully, "But in the future?"

She agreed, "Windclan supports the development of Peaceclan." Lemonstar wrinkled her nose, "Besides, why don't you choose a new name for Peaceclan after the war settles down?"

I stood up, walking towards Fallenleaf, Lilypad and Stormcloud, calling back, "I'll think about it. I appreciate your support."

Chapter Eleven

It was a sunny day, no clouds were to be seen. Most of Skyclan lounged around, grooming themselves and devouring the prey. There were only two hunting patrols out, with Lilypad, our clan's best hunter, and Stormcloud accompanying Tropicpalm and Huckleberry to pick herbs. Amberstorm was slacking at border patrols, with only one out to keep watch. I took another lazy bite of my thrush, chewing it mind-bogglingly slowly.

Suddenly, Stormcloud burst into camp, fury written across his face and the way his ears flattened, "Shadowclan has crossed the border! They sent a patrol all the way here to attack! Those mange-pelts!"

I swallowed my mouthful of prey, cursing, "Fox dung!"

Only yesterday, at the Gathering, Shadowclan had accused Hawkstar of allowing Lilypad, Tropicpalm and I to influence the minds of all the apprentices and kits. No cat had thought they would actually attack.

Amberstorm shot me a look of accusation, jumping to action, "Stormcloud, Eaglesoar, Nightpelt, Patchwhisker, Morningpaw and Mistysky! Come with me!"

Nightpelt and Patchwhisker, our fastest runners, shot after her, causing the vines covering the camp entrance to sway. Stormcloud followed, not far behind and I started to chase his tail but stopped. Morningpaw had her ears flat against her head in fear and Eaglesoar was nudging her forward persistently.

I rushed to her side, "Morningpaw! It's okay, Skyclan shall triumph in this fight! We shall tear the pelts of those mouse-brains! Littlebird will be so proud of you!"

Morningpaw's resolve seemed to harden immediately at the word 'Littlebird'. She sprinted off out of camp without another world. Eaglesoar and I followed fast on her tail. Putting on a burst of

speed, I passed Morningpaw and Stormcloud, running beside Nightpelt determinedly. I skidded to a halt, opening my mouth in a gasp of shock as I saw the Shadowclan cats.

There were so many of them!

They poured from the bushes, slamming into Nightpelt and Patchwhisker with their claws unsheathed. From the trees, three cats dropped down in front of me. I slid out my claws, slashing at them ferociously.

How dare they use a Skyclan attack method!

The tortoiseshell hissed, dodging, "It's us! Lilypad, Tropicpalm and Huckleberry."

I withdrew, forcing my fur flat, "Sorry! Tropicpalm and Huckleberry should be somewhere safe!"

Hustling them into a bush, me and Lilypad charged into the battle. As I raked my claws across a brown tom's pelt, Amberstorm's voice sounded above the chaos, "Skyclan! Hold them back for as long as you can! We can't let them get to camp! Nightpelt! Go get backup!"

The tom turned around with his front paws flying. I ducked low, clawing his hind legs before rising onto my back legs and crashing down onto him. The older warrior jerked me off easily and scored his claws across my ears before tripping me with a bat of his paw.

I tried to scramble back up but he pinned me down with his paw, snarling, "You're a good fighter. But not good enough."

He slashed my side and I yowled painfully. A flash of golden-brown fur knocked the tom off and he fled, tail between his legs. Eaglesoar heaved up several breaths. There was a deep scratch on his back and clumps of fur were missing on his shoulders. His ears had been clawed and there was a scratch on his cheek.

But he still tilted his head with pride.

I jumped up, "Thanks, Eaglesoar."

The warrior nodded at me then dove back into the battle, his tail whisking out of sight. Looking around, I stiffened. Morningpaw dueled Frostcloud, a warrior two times her size. Blood poured from a severe shoulder wound but she kept fighting, her teeth gritted. I let out a caterwaul, jumping across to him and sinking my teeth into Frostcloud's tail. I dragged him sharply away from Morningpaw, paws shredding his hind legs.

The much bigger warrior turned and cuffed my ears. I held on determinedly, scoring my claws across his chest. Eaglesoar appeared again, latching himself onto Frostcloud's back and sinking his teeth in to his ear. The enormous tom reared and landed on his back. I let go of his tail, jumping away with a gasp; Eaglesoar had been flattened underneath him.

I head-butted Frostcloud off and buried my muzzle into Eaglesoar's chest, listening for a heartbeat. I heard nothing. For a moment, I froze, my fur standing on an end. Regret made me bit my lip; I had never really gotten to know the young warrior.

But then a wave of grief jerked me into motion. Throwing my head back, I let out a wail of pure misery and defeat. Morningpaw crouched beside me, her shoulders trembling and tail drooping as she licked Eaglesoar's fur tenderly. Her softness startled me and my fur froze in realisation.

Eaglesoar was her mentor, but could he have been more than that?

I swung around, my teeth bared. Most cats had frozen when he had been crushed but there were still more cats that were at each other's throats. Amberstorm stood a little way in front of me, shaking uncontrollably.

Her eyes were wide with shock but she recovered, for the sake of the clan, "Skyclan! Retreat!"

I saw Stormcloud slap Blackwhisker across the face before turning around and running off after Amberstorm. Sootheart, the Shadowclan deputy, called, "Shadowclan! Back to camp!"

Tropicpalm and Huckleberry burst out from a bush as the cats all

dispersed. The older medicine cat grabbed Eaglesoar by the scruff and I crouched as she moved him onto my back. Morningpaw held onto his tail, making sure it didn't get caught in any branches.

Tropicpalm wailed, "What happened?! Stars above! How did this happen?!"

Morningpaw spat out Eaglesoar's tail with a sudden surge of mad fury, "Frostcloud killed him! I will kill Frostcloud!"

She had never looked less like a Kittypet as her tail puffed out and she growled, "Who will be my mentor, NOW?"

Huckleberry mewed reassuringly, "Patchwhisker is an experienced warrior. If you don't like him, there's always Thistletail. His injuries have gotten better, though he's still got a slight limp."

I added onto Hucklberry, "Don't forget Amberstorm! How fun would it be to be trained by Skyclan's deputy? Besides, what about Treeclimber?"

Morningpaw's whiskers drooped and she hissed, "It's like you've all forgotten about Eaglesoar..."

I slowed until I walked beside her and mewed softly, "Oh, Morningpaw. We haven't forgotten him. We'll hold a Mourning for Eaglesoar immediately tonight. But, after the vigil, we have to start thinking about YOUR future."

Tropicpalm nodded her silent agreement but Morningpaw was still seething by the time we got back to camp. As I pushed through the vines, there was a frightened pause, then a collective gasp. Lilypad startled, trembling, and leaned on Stormcloud. Nightpelt threw back her head and let out a sorrowful yowl.

Amberstorm padded over, pressing her muzzle into Eaglesoar's fur and I was reminded that she had been his mother, "Say hi to Claywhisker for me. He will take care of you."

Claywhisker, I remembered, was his father. Treeclimber limped out of the warrior's den, a chewed mouse hanging from his mouth, "Wuzzz goin' 'n?"

The mouse dropped to the ground. For a second, he seemed dumbstruck as I lowered Eaglesoar's body to the ground. Then, Treeclimber rushed forward sobbing, "Eaglesoar!"

Patchwhisker sung, "Eaglesoar! Eaglesoar!"

Amberstorm took up the chant, "Eaglesoar!"

Stormcloud howled, "Eaglesoar!"

I closed my eyes, biting my lip as I listened to my clan mates sing.

I thought, this is what Peaceclan can stop. The needless dying of cats. This is what we are fighting against.

We are warring against war.

I opened my eyes.

Chapter Twelve

"YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE!"

I flattened my ears at Amberstar, "I think we can."

She had been made leader only a moon ago when Hawkstar had died peacefully in his sleep.

I felt Lilypad shifting uneasily beside me, "I'm sorry, Amberstar. But it's for the possibility of a future for Peaceclan."

I shot a glare at Lilypad, "We're NOT sorry. And it's not only for Peaceclan. If we continue to stay in Skyclan, the other clans will accuse you of assisting Peaceclan. At the moment, the other clans don't approve of Peaceclan. But they will, when I make it an actual clan."

Amberstar twitched her whiskers, "It's not that easy."

Stormcloud shrugged, "We do not mind that it will be hard."

Lilypad objected, "I don't think she means it like that. If we leave, it'll cause the other clans to believe that Amberstar wasn"t able to raise loyal warriors. It shall taint Skyclan's reputation."

Tropicpalm nodded supportively, "Lilypad's right."

I snapped, "What's the big deal? If you're a real leader, you'd earn back Skyclan's reputation."

Stormcloud snarled, "There are all sorts of challenges along the path of leader ship. This is only one more. It will help train you to be a good leader."

Amberstar still looked uncertain but did not argue, "Fine. We will miss all four of you. You have all served Skyclan well."

I leaned back, surprised but pleased that she had given in so quickly, "I am certain that we will miss all our clan mates."

Amberstorm dipped her head, "I shall announce your departure now."

The golden-brown she-cat slipped out of her den, waving her tail for us to follow. When we emerged outside, every head in the clearing turned to look at us.

Sunmist, the new deputy, sat beside Falconpaw and Sparkpaw, staring at me blankly like she always did when emotions threatened to overwhelm her. Tigerpearl padded up to her and they exchanged a few words, their posture suddenly resolute.

Huckleberry welcomed Tropicpalm, licking her apprentice's forehead with a forced purr. Treeclimber padded up to Lilypad and they started mewing quietly to each other.

Nightpelt watched from a tail length away, her eyes thick with jealousy. Barkpelt and Foxstrike lied lazily outside the elders den, their ears pricked as Amberstorm sprang up onto a branch of the Tall Tree.

She called, "Let all cats old enough to climb join me under the Tall Tree."

As the clan gathered, Amberstorm announced, "Today, we will be saying goodbye to some of our best warriors and our medicine cat apprentice. They will still be in the forest as Peaceclan but shall not be part of Skyclan anymore. Say your goodbyes, from now on, Mistysky, Lilypad -"

"I shall join them."

Everyone looked round at Treeclimber in surprise. The orange speckled brown cat curled his tail around his paw in embarrassment but insisted, "I would like to join Peaceclan."

Lilypad shifted beside me, her tail flicking as she caught his gaze. I looked between the two cats, wondering what was happening between them.

Stormcloud breathed wonderingly in my ear, "They're in love!"

I stifled a laugh as I remembered how Lilypad had claimed that she would never love.

Suddenly, Crowpaw spoke up, "I'd like to travel with Peaceclan as well."

I stared him, then at his parents. Sunmist had lowered her head in acknowledgment and Tigerpearl choked out an encouraging purr.

Morningpaw, who had been made my apprentice, stood, lifting her chin and catching my eye and speaking directly to me, "I'll go with you as well, if you'll take me."

Touched I meowed, "Of course. You may all join Peaceclan."

Amberstar flicked her tail impatiently, "Okay, OKAY. All that wish to join Peaceclan shall, from now on, not be a part of Skyclan. You will follow Mistysky who will," She flashed me a knowing glance, "soon enough, be Mistystar."

There was a wistful murmuring amongst the warriors as we said our goodbyes. I pressed my muzzle into Sunmist's affectionately before stepping back and leading my warriors out the gorse tunnel.

A/N

I distinctly remember being quite fond of this chapter.

Can I take that back please?

If you enjoyed this chapter, leave a vote and comment but only if absolutely possible ofc!

- quill

Chapter Thirteen

Peaceclan, in the next gathering, had secured some territory between Windclan and Skyclan, our only two potential allies. Tropicpalm had led me to the Moonpool and I'd received my nine lives. Fallenleaf, who had received Crowpaw as his apprentice, sat beside me, his whole body tense.

I twitched my whiskers, "What is it?"

The experienced warrior explained hesitantly, "This morning we ran into a Windclan patrol at the border. They told us that Shadowclan was offering to help them drive us out!"

He added enthusiastically, "Those mange-pelts!"

I rested my tail on his spine assuringly, "Don't fret. They haven't attacked have they? It's likely that they were just bluffing."

Suddenly, an idea came to mind, "However, I shall settle this rivalry with Shadowclan at once. Fallenleaf, Tropicpalm, come with me. Let's pay Duskstar a visit."

Lilypad lifted her head from a piece of prey that she was sharing with Tropicpalm, "Wait! Is it safe to confront Duskstar with so little cats?"

Fallenleaf agreed, "We should have cats waiting outside if Duskstar decides to attack."

I stared, "But then he would never be able to trust us again!"

Fallenleaf looked at me desperately, "Listen to me, Mistystar! I'm your deputy and I don't want you to lose a life."

I glared at him for a moment longer before relenting, "Fine. Treeclimber, Amberpaw, Stormcloud, Crowpaw, Spiderfur, Morningpaw, and Liontail, you shall come with us. Hide outside and disguise your scent. If you hear yowling or smell the scent of fresh blood, you may attack."

Fallenleaf added, "Swanpaw and her mentor, Lilypad should come too."

I flicked my tail, letting out a purr of agreement. Swanpaw had grown on me. The apprentice was positive and sympathetic. She was also abnormally wise for someone her age.

As we set off, the 'paw bounded up to me, her usual cheerfulness dampened, "Do I really have to fight?"

I responded warmly, "Hopefully not. If Duskstar isn't a mouse-brain, he'll accept our offer of peace."

Fallenleaf appeared beside me, our pelts brushing, "Calling him a mouse-brain won't help."

I hissed, "I was kidding!"

He grinned, "I know."

We had long crossed the Windclan and Shadowclan borders, Lilypad leading the back-up patrol into their hiding spots after dampening their scent with mushrooms and mud. I led Fallenleaf and Tropicpalm through the dip in land and into the camp. Heads look up and pelts immediately bristled.

The Shadowclan medicine cat, Smallear, pushed his way in front of Darkclaw, who had unsheathed his claws menacingly, "Tropicpalm! What a lovely surprise!"

Tropicpalm meowed apologetically, "I needed borage for Beestripe. She's expecting Stormcloud's kits. Besides, Violetmew told me you needed marigold."

The warriors seemed to relax as they saw the bundle of herbs Tropicpalm was holding in her jaw. Silverbreeze purred, "Tell Beestripe, congratulations!"

Darkclaw dipped his head in a weary greeting to me as the two medicine cats discussed kits and herbs.

He had sheathed his claws but his posture was rigid, "I suppose you are not only here for herbs?"

I inclined my head in return, agreeing swiftly, "No, you are right. Tell Duskstar I have come to discuss peace."

Surprise flashed on his face and his whiskers twitched, or was that the wind? But it was gone before I could think about it as he turned and slipped into the leader's den.

A moment later, Duskstar led him out, head tilted in a challenging way as he approached me. His tail was high and slightly fluffed up, from the cold or fear, I could only guess. The older leader didn't bother to dip his head to me and so I didn't duck my head for him either.

Fallenleaf spoke first, "Duskstar, we have come to discuss peace."

He went on, "Shadowclan has always been against Peaceclan, we know that. We do not ask you to deny it. But, if you will accept Peaceclan, this will finally unite the clans and we will be able to stop the larger conflicts."

Duskstar barked out a laugh, "What makes you think the other clans have accepted you?"

I bristled, "We are offering you an alliance here! A potentially useful one, at that!"

Darkclaw spoke tentatively, "She's right, Duskstar. If it comes to a time when the other clans are attacking us, Peaceclan will try to stop them. Besides, they're really good at turning cats from their clans."

Duskstar snarled, "NEVER!"

With that, he pounced at my neck with his claws outstretched.

I tumbled to the ground, yowling, "Peaceclan! Attack!!"

Fallenleaf turned to me with an indignant yowl but Darkclaw stood in his way. A moment later, cats spilled into the Shadowclan camp clearing, screeching caterwauls and obscene threats.

I rolled fully onto my back, unbalancing Duskstar. As he shifted to adjust, I kicked up with my hind legs, jolting him off so I could scramble up.

The tom came at me again, claws digging into my shoulders, ripping my fur off. I slashed his chest with a yowl of pain. Ducking low I clawed at his hind legs before jumping back as he collapsed.

A claw pierced my flesh from behind and I whirled around to face Darkclaw. The older warrior went for my neck, claws digging in as blood poured from the wound. I scratched his underbelly and he hissed as he let go, panting.

Fallenleaf appeared behind him, cuffing his ears and sinking his teeth into Darkclaw's tail. The black-furred warrior curled into himself and we let Smallear drag him away.

Fallenleaf padded towards me, giving my cheek a worried lick, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." I said, even though my vision was blurring from pain.

Pressing my cheek against his, I saw Tropicpalm rush towards me with marigold and cobwebs, "You are NOT fine!"

I chuckled softly, "So comforting, Tropicpalm, so comforting."

A/N

Thx for the support!

- quill

Chapter Fourteen

Two days later, I was still recovering from my neck injury. Tropicpalm checked in on me everyday just in case. Peaceclan, on my orders, hadn't retreated, but kept fighting as Tropicpalm treated my wounds. In the end, Shadowclan had surrendered and Duskstar had agreed to a mutual peace. The full moon shone in the night sky as I selected the warriors who would accompany me the Gathering.

Beestripe was staying back with Stormcloud and Liontail. Tropicpalm had also refused to leave the queen's side. I picked Yellowpaw to represent her instead and then we were off. Crossing the thin bridge that was really a tree trunk, we arrived early at the gathering. Using my powerful hind legs to push off, I settled onto a high branch and Fallenleaf sat down amongst the roots as Duskstar slipped in, a patrol of Shadowclan cats trailing after him.

I smoothed my fur, nodding a cool greeting to him, "How are things in Shadowclan?"

Duskstar dipped his head respectfully, clambering onto a lower branch,"We are coping well. Leaf-fall is merciful on us this year. Prey is plentiful and Silverbreeze is expecting my kits!"

I purred, "Congratulations! Peaceclan has been making the best out of this leaf-fall as well. Beestripe's kits will be coming soon."

I turned my head as Thunderclan entered. Bravestar padded up to the tree and briskly pounced onto a branch opposite mine. He glanced at me briefly before engaging Duskstar in conversation. I pretended not to notice the obvious way he was ignoring me.

Thunderclan had been the most against Peaceclan, refusing to think of it as a real clan. Luckily, Lemonstar and Amberstar slipped into the clearing side by side, both jumping up onto branches next to mine. Amberstar greeted me warmly and Lemonstar nodded approvingly at my choice of deputy.

Last to arrive was Riverclan, with Reedstar holding his head up high even though his patrol was smaller than normal and his pelt bore obvious claw marks.

As soon as he struggled onto the lowest branch, he meowed loudly, "I shall start off the Gathering. Riverclan was attacked by Windclan not long ago over territory. I believe that Windclan does not need any new territory."

Lemonstar stood up indignantly, "We do! Peaceclan took our territory and we need more to survive."

Larkwing hissed in agreement to his leader, "We've got only half the territory we used to have!"

Reedstar accused, shooting me a glance, "And who's idea was it to give up their territory?"

The Riverclan cats hissed back defiantly in defence of their leader and pelts were ruffled as claws slid out.

Bravestar raised a paw for silence, "I think it is quite clear what we should do here."

Whiteslash yowled, "We need to drive out Peaceclan!"

Murmurs of agreement sounded and I saw my clan mates bristle, moving away from the hostile cats and sticking to each other.

Standing up, I flicked my tail impatiently, "Quiet! Peaceclan has done no harm. We barely took any of Windclan or Sky clans territory. Half of our territory is the barn."

Amberstar agreed, though she sounded uncertain, "Peaceclan has the smallest territory of all of us, even though they are the biggest clan so far. Be glad that they are not taking more land."

Lemonstar lashed her tail, "Windclan cannot survive with only this much land! Starclan foretold that five clans would roam the lake! Five! Not Six! I agree with Bravestar, we should drive them out!"

I gaped, wasn't Windclan our ally? The Gathering was suddenly a

mass of bared teeth and flattened ears as the cats turned on Peaceclan.

I spun around to face Lemonstar, fury making my fur puff out, "How dare you! Peaceclan has every right to be in this forest as Windclan does!"

The golden she-cat turned away, "I'm sorry, Mistystar, I have to put my clan first. Good luck - " Her claws flashed, and she almost grinned, "With your other lives!"

I shrieked, tumbling backwards as Lemonstar launched herself towards me, teeth bared. The Gathering exploded as cat turned on cat.

I screeched, "Stop! Look at the moon!"

Claws paused mid-strike and fear-scent mixed with freshly shed blood. Lemonstar ignored everyone, slapping me across the face with her claws unsheathed. Caught off guard, I fell out of the Tall Tree, paws flailing, my throat tightening.

"Mistystar!" Fallenleaf cried, dashing towards me.

But it was too late.

I twisted midair and landed on my side. My whole body groaned in agony and I couldn't raise my neck as Fallenleaf licked my cheek desperately. Yellowpaw and Lilypad came a second later, followed by Huckleberry.

Fallenleaf asked despairingly, "Is she losing a life?"

Huckleberry mewed comfortingly, "No. She'll need a poppy seed for the pain and we'll have to see if there are any broken bones."

I choked, "Oh, just kill me! I would rather die than be crippled."

With that, I blacked out.

A/N

Ah, Mistystar was such an arrogant hothead... but fun to write, nevertheless.

- quill

Chapter Fifteen

In the week that followed the Gathering, Peaceclan had ambushed Windclan in every way possible to take revenge on my behalf. Tropicpalm said I only had a dislocated shoulder and a torn claw. So I was cured in two days. However, the thought that Lemonstar would even dare to do something to take one of my lives was insulting.

I led a patrol right past the Windclan border, "All right. Take as much prey as possible."

Revenge was sweet.

Morningpaw crept forward, her tail low and paws barely touching the ground. I purred in approval. Spiderfur had slinked off into the moors and Fallenleaf was burying a mouse when I smelled Windclan nearby. I froze, tail spiked up in anticipation. Fallenleaf and Morningpaw shifted on either side of me, their pelts brushing mine reassuringly.

Harespring thrust his way out of a bush, his fur ruffled and his tail flicking to and thro. His mother, Wrenflight slide out her claws as she emerged with a small apprentice.

growled, taking a menacing step forward, "Owlpaw!"

Owlpaw, the black and brown speckled apprentice's eyes rounded in fear, but he dug his claws in as if determined not to run.

I hissed, sliding out my claws and thrusting my chin forward, "We meet again, Harespring. Last time, I recall, I was about to kill you for your treachery! Maybe I shall finish it off this time."

Harespring flinched, and leaned towards Wrenflight for confidence.

The spotted she-cat rolled her eyes and yowled at me, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON WINDCLAN TERRITORY?!"

I thrust my chest out, "Taking revenge!"

At the flick of my tail, Morningpaw lunged for Owlpaw. Fallenleaf and Wrenflight collided, claws flailing. Harespring flattened his ears, turning as if to call for backup. I pounced, flattening him to the ground, claws shredding his ears. The smaller cat yelped, kicking me off. I whammed into him again, teeth finding his scruff, I threw him a tail length away before landing on him again. Satisfaction rippled through my pelt as his blood stained my fur.

I ripped open his neck, "How does Lemonstar like THIS?!"

I stepped back. The wound on Harespring's neck wasn't deep, but I'd ripped open two blood veins. If they got him to the medicine cat before sunset, he would still live. It sure LOOKED like it was serious, the blood matting his fur.

Just then, Spiderfur burst in, startling Wrenflight so that Fallenleaf could pin her down easily. She struggled beneath Fallenleaf before my deputy stepped away, letting the frantic mother rush to her son. Owlpaw was on the ground, bleeding from the side and paw.

Morningpaw loomed over him, her pelt puffed, "I dug in my claws and he tripped! That's what made the scratch in his pelt!"

Her rejoicing laugh echoed meanly, "The idiot managed to get his claw ripped as well!"

Owlpaw scrambled up, shooting Morningpaw a glance before darting off to help Wrenflight carry Harespring. I watched them go, tails between their legs.

Feeling a warm pelt brush mine, I twined my tail with Fallenleaf's, purring with satisfaction, "They won't be attacking us again any time soon!"

Chapter Sixteen

I faced Pearlstorm, teeth bared as I darted forward. The white she-cat dodged, using my momentum to flip me onto my back with a loud crack. Morningpaw and Dustpaw gasped worriedly.

I rolled onto my stomach, purring with amusement, "Don't worry, I'm not hurt."

Pearlstorm explained eagerly, "I flipped Mistystar so carefully that it didn't hurt, but the sound was loud enough to shock both the cats watching and the victim. Hopefully, this way, cats will flee before we have to actually hurt them."

Fallenleaf watched, his gaze warm, "But still remember to use your claws in the real fight."

Pearlstorm quickly pushed the apprentices into ready positions, checking their posture, "We're going to practice. Paws sheathed for now."

I sat up as Dustpaw dashed towards Morningpaw, lost his balance and fell on his back all by himself. Embarrassed, the sand-coloured apprentice scrambled up onto his four paws as Pearlstorm scolded him.

Fallenleaf mewed, coming up beside me, "Well, looks like the next generation is going to be in safe paws.

I was suddenly excited, "I have an idea. Pearlstorm, I'll show you all."

She and I got ready, opposite of each other. Rushing forward, I tripped and fell onto my back, using the momentum to swing my hind legs up to slap her. Pearlstorm reared back in surprise, her paws instinctively going to her face. Before she had time to recover,

I rolled so I was facing her again, scoring my sheathed paws across her exposed underbelly before I jumped back.

Fallenleaf flicked his tail, "That might be the silliest, and the most genius, move ever created!"

I meowed defiantly, "I heard nothing but that you called me a 'genius'."

He padded up to me and licked my forehead, tails twined.

***

Tropicpalm meowed slyly, "You and Fallenleaf are getting close..."

She, Lilypad and I were sharing a thin squirrel, such was the scarce prey of leaf-bare.

I rolled my eyes, "Of course, he's my deputy!"

Lilypad agreed, "You are way closer than just leader and deputy!"

I snapped, "You're one to speak! What about you and Treeclimber?"

Tropicpalm grabbed the topic eagerly, "Oooh, yes! What about you two?"

Lilypad's eyes widened in shock, "It's not like that! We -"

Tropicpalm interrupted, "You've always got your heads bent together, meowing about something."

I spoke through a mouthful of squirrel that was more fur than meat, "Don't deny it, Lilypad!"

The black and white she-cat sprang up and stalked off, her tail lashing, "I won't deny it, because I don't have to!"

Tropicpalm sighed, also standing up and returning to the medicine cate den, "She'll admit it one day."

I stood up too, brushing the bones away.

A ginger cat approached me, "Hi Mistystar."

I addressed him, "Fallenleaf, have you sorted the patrols? Stormcloud would like to stay with Beestripe at camp for this moon. Their kits will be coming soon, though later than planned."

He dipped his head, "I made him stay at camp, don't worry. Swanpaw just had her warrior assessment yesterday, she passed!"

I purred, "Tell her she will have her warrior ceremony this afternoon. What about Amberpaw? Weren't they apprentices together in Riverclan?"

A pause.

An intake of breath, "She also had her assessment yesterday evening. Amberpaw failed."

I dropped my brisk tone and twined my tail with Fallenleaf's reassuringly, "She'll pass next time! I'm sure of it."

Fallenleaf sighed, "Amberpaw is older than Swanpaw by three moons! She failed the first time she was assessed as well."

I flicked my tail curiously, "Isn't Amberpaw your sister?"

Fallenleaf shook his head, "I just found her one day. Reedstar made me pose as her brother because he was ashamed of taking in a rogue."

"She'll become a capable warrior, I promise you." I assured him confidently.

Chapter Seventeen

Beestripe's newborn kits were already tumbling around camp. Stonekit, who had been named after Stonetail, had, literally, come out kicking, whilst Honeykit, the runt of the litter, had barely come out at all. The only normal kit was Cloudykit, who spent most of the time gazing up at the sky.

I told Stormcloud regretfully, "You'll have to come with me, this Gathering. We need all our most well-known warriors."

Morningpaw rose up onto her hind legs and cuffed the ears of an invisible enemy, "Lemonstar wouldn't dare challenge you again! Not with me around!"

I flicked her playfully with my tail, "Lemonstar will cower in fear!"

Tropicpalm sighed, "I guess I better come with you this time. Yellowpaw can take care of Beestripe if anything happens, she's getting her medicine cat name next week anyways."

The brownish-gold apprentice practically jumped into the air with excitement.

My friend padded up to me, "I've got to keep an eye on you, too, Mistystar."

Tropicpalm had very smugly informed me, just last week, that I was expecting kits. However, afraid of his reaction, I hadn't told Fallenleaf yet.

Right now, as the tom looked over curiously, I raised my voice, "Of course you do! In case Lemonstar attacks again! Come on, lets go."

Turning sharply, I led the patrol out of camp, trying to seem like I

wasn't in hurry and, at the same time, hurrying.

Fallenleaf caught up to me, our pelts brushing. "Amberpaw is improving rather dramatically. She knocked over Crowpaw the other day!"

"Really?" I reminded myself to be happy for him, "That's great!"

But he seemed preoccupied, "What if she heard us? And that's why she's started concentrating?"

I opened my mouth to respond, but, as we pushed our way into the clearing, I lost Fallenleaf amongst a crowd of Skyclan cats. It looked like Amberstar had arrived first, sitting atop a high branch, waving her tail in greeting to me. I bunched up my muscles and leaped, digging my claws in to the bark, using my hind legs to push myself up further.

I reached the branch Skyclan's leader was on, blinking politely, "How is leaf-bare so far for Skyclan? Beestripe's kits have finally come! We are welcoming Stonekit, Honeykit and Cloudykit into the clan."

Amberstar purred her congratulations, though her mew was stiff, "Skyclan has been fairing well."

Revealing no more, she looked away as the rest of the clans arrived.

She stood as soon as the other leaders were settled, "Skyclan has much to report! We have scented Peaceclan in our territory, as well as a dead squirrel."

I couldn't hold back a gasp of outrage, "Liar! Peaceclan has done nothing to Skyclan!"

Amberstar whirled around to growl at me, "You think, because you used to be part of Skyclan, that you can take advantage of us? You're wrong! Peaceclan was never supposed to be a clan in the first place! Maybe you should just take your cats and leave!"

My shoulder fur rose as I froze, shocked. I looked out at the

Gathering, seeing Falconpaw rise onto his hind legs to glare down at Crowpaw. Sparkpaw snapped at him as accusations were yowled. Fallenleaf squared his shoulders, fury shining in his deep, brown eyes. I suddenly felt tired, my shoulders drooping dejectedly. For the first time, I could feel the weight of my swollen belly.

Lemonstar hissed, "Amberstar is right! We should drive out Peaceclan!"

Fallenleaf bushed his tail, darting to protect his clan mates. I slid out my claws as Amberstar approached me.

Not again!

Claws flying wildly, I caught her on the shoulder, unbalancing the leader. Amberstar howled in rage, throwing herself at me. I took several steps backwards, but my belly weighed me down. I heard Fallenleaf shriek as Amberstar's claws caught me on the chest. Wobbling dangerously, blood soaked my fur as I heard something roar in my ears.

This cat was endangering my clan and, most importantly, my kits. With a violent caterwaul, I pinned Amberstar down with one paw, ripping open her stomach. As I stepped back, I tore several clumps of fur off her pelt.

"Amberstar!" Sunmist and Lilypad wailed together.

I bared my teeth at the struggling she-cat, "Never, ever, try to hurt me again."

Amberstar stared at me, her eyes shining with pain, "I'm so -"

Sorry?

Angry?

Sad?

Something like regret was starting to reach my heart but I was distracted by a familiar yowl, filled with pain. Tumbling out of the Great Tree, in my hurry, I bolted towards where Fallenleaf had been

wounded by an angry Thunderclan warrior. Sunmist and Lilypad got there first.

Sunmist threw herself in between the two hissing cats, her voice ringing around the Gathering, "Stop! Look at the moon!"

I froze, lifting my head up to stare at the night sky. The moon had been swallowed by dark, stormy clouds. Gasps sounded all around as, without a word, the rest of the leaders jumped out of the Great Tree.

I felt Fallenleaf's pelt brush mine, "We should get Peaceclan out of here. The Gathering is over."

Lilypad stiffened on my other side, "Not just out of here. We need to get Peaceclan out of this whole star-cursed lake!"

Fallenleaf let out a growl of derision that did not go unnoticed by Lilypad. The dignified she-cat only lashed her tail before turning to follow the rest of the clan out, her shoulder fur ruffled.

I rested my tail on Fallenleaf's spine as we padded after her, "Don't be so harsh. She had a point, you know."

My deputy flicked his tail, ears flattening, "Peaceclan is not backing off without a fight."

I murmured sadly, "Peaceclan can no longer be called Peaceclan. We are the cause of this current dispute between the clans. Besides, we have already fought."

Letting this sink in, I trudged onwards, my fur becoming heavier with each step. Or were those my worries?

Fallenleaf seemed determined to look for the silver lining, "We should name Peaceclan Mistyclan!"

There was the deep rumble of a purr and I realised Morningpaw had heard.

She meowed earnestly, "That's a brilliant idea, Fallenleaf! Mistystar found this clan and gave us all a home away from home during the

chaotic times."

The old apprentice waved her tail at Spiderfur and Crowpaw, "Mistystar's renaming the clan to Mistyclan!"

Crowpaw blinked, "Of course, Peaceclan doesn't really suit us anymore, does it?"

Spiderfur simply sniffed in agreement, looking uninterested in the topic. Fallenleaf twined his tail, with mine, "Told you, Mistystar!"

A/N

SHOUTOUT:

- quill

Chapter Eighteen

"WHAT?!"

I recoiled at Fallenleaf's outburst. Lilypad's eyes rounded, "Mistystar hasn't told you yet?"

Tropicpalm cuffed me sharply, disapproval dancing teasingly in her voice as if I were still an unruly kit, "You're having kits and you won't tell the father?"

Fallenleaf gaped, stuttering, "F-Father?!"

Sunlight that shone through the woven roof warmed my pelt and highlighted the shock in his eyes.

I meowed apologetically, "I was afraid of what you were going to say! I wasn't sure you liked me that way at all!"

Fallenleaf snapped out of his trance, rushing over to press his nose against my cheek, a purr travelling through his body and into mine, "Of course I do!"

Then he pulled back, determination in his eyes, "But, this changes everything! We have to leave! I don't want my kits growing up in these conditions."

Lilypad stood up, ruffling her pelt, "Thank Starclan!"

Relief seeped through my pelt, but I chided Lilypad, "Don't be too hasty. Where will we go?"

Tropicpalm pricked her ears, "Yellowpaw will be receiving her full name tomorrow. After the ceremony, I shall ask Starclan."

Fallenleaf narrowed his eyes, "Do we have any Peaceclan ancestors in Starclan? What if even Starclan disapproves of us?"

Lilypad lashed her tail, worry clouding her gaze as she turned to

me.

I frowned, "We've got to try! I'll announce everything to the rest of the clan."

Tropicpalm dipped her head in consent, a vacant mask slipping across her muzzle as she led Lilypad out of my den. I padded after them, Fallenleaf at my tail. As soon as I emerged from my den, a hush fell over the camp clearing. With a sweep of her tail, Beestripe gathered her kits. Pearlstorm looked up from where she was sharing a vole with Liontail. Spiderfur paused in the act of heading out to hunt with Treeclimber and his apprentice, Amberpaw.

I leaped up into a branch of the Tall Tree, "Let all cats old enough to climb gather beneath me."

Cloudykit squeaked, "But I'm not good at climbing!"

Beestripe hurriedly shushed her, "But you CAN climb."

I meowed, my voice ringing across camp, " As you already know, Peaceclan has been attacked by the other clans many times over."

Swanwind huffed with disdain from where she sat beside Lilypad. The white, young warrior's pelt seem to glow hot with embarrassment as every cat looked to her in anticipation.

Her former mentor, Lilypad, came to her rescue, "Yes, indeed. We must travel to someplace else where we will be more welcome."

I nodded, "Lilypad is right. Tomorrow, Yellowpaw will travel to the Moonpool to receive her medicine cat name. Afterwards, Tropicpalm shall ask for advice from Starclan as to where we should go."

Murmurs of congratulations were offered to Yellowpaw as the golden apprentice straightened, positively beaming. Dustpaw nudged her playfully and Morningpaw gave her a friendly cuff over the ear. Spiderfur engaged in conversation with Pearlstorm, much to the irritation of Liontail.

I waved my tail for everyone's attention, "One more thing.

Peaceclan, from now on, shall be known as Mistyclan!"

Fallenleaf called out, "Mistyclan!"

Tropicpalm and Lilypad joined in, encouraging the rest of the Mistyclan to follow suit. As the crowd dispersed, I suddenly heard paw steps around the camp. Stealthy ones that were trying hard not to be heard. Tropicpalm raised her nose to the air. Wide-eyed, she dashed into the medicine cat den as Yellowpaw hurried to pick up Beestripe's kits.

Stormcloud stood rigid, tail bushed and high in the air, "Invaders!"

At the same moment, Skyclan burst into the camp. I jumped down from the Tall Tree and right in front of Sunmist. The Skyclan deputy cringed away from me, uncertainty in her eyes. I bared my teeth and, using her hesitation to my advantage, knocked her paws from under her.

The golden, spotted she-cat jumped up and hissed, aiming a claw at my ears. I dived underneath her, flipping her onto her back with one swift move. Fallenleaf appeared at my side, tearing his claws across her muzzle. Sunmist scrambled up, her jaws parting as if to say something, but Spiderfur whammed into her, claws flying.

I turned and saw Amberstar battling Lilypad. The two she-cats were hesitant in their attacks, having been mentor and apprentice once before. I crashed into Amberstar's side, bringing the golden-brown tabby to the ground with a thump. Lilypad cuffed her ears, sinking her teeth into Amberstar's tail.

I turned to see Tropicpalm make her way out of the camp with Yellowpaw. They were probably going to get Yellowpaw's medicine cat name earlier. However, the thought of having no medicine cat to help us in a fight scared me. A paw shoved me in the side and I, caught of guard, collapsed. Struggling underneath him, I looked up to see Tigerpearl.

The tom got ready to scratch me on the shoulders but froze as he looked up.

I threw him off to see Crowpaw staring at his father. I watched the two toms cautiously. The air seemed fragile between them, as if one wrong move could break everything all at once.

"RETREAT!"

Tigerpearl flinched, surprised. Crowpaw let out a snarl of triumph, throwing out a claw that, purposely, missed him. The golden tabby flattened his ears, turning around and leaping away and out of Mistyclan camp.

I chased his tail with Crowpaw and Lilypad beside me, clawing at Tigerpearl's hindquarters and sending him yowling into the forest. I reached out to rip the pelts off Skyclan cats that raced past me.

Lilypad swished her tail with excited triumph, all her uncertainty forgotten, "Run, you cowardly mange-pelts!"

Treeclimber, coming up beside her, shot her a look. The she-cat ignored him, though she lost all of her spirit in the blink of an eye. I felt my shoulder fur begin to rise.

I didn't know what was going on between those two, but I didn't like it.

Any cat who tried to quell my friend's energy couldn't be good for her. I approached the tom, getting ready to confront him. But Swanwind and Crowpaw caught my eye instead. As we started walking back to camp, the two younger cats seemed to be deep in conversation.

I quickened my pace, walking up beside Swanwind, "We taught those Skyclan cats a lesson, didn't we?"

Crowpaw's tail drooped, "Yeah. I guess."

He pressed against Swanwind for comfort, looking me in the eyes, "I want to go back to Skyclan, Mistystar. Seeing my father made me realise. I couldn't bear to hurt him in battle!"

Swanwind pulled away, her head nodding in grudging acknowledgement. My pace slowed for a moment, but they didn't

seem to notice.

I forced myself to walk back in line with them again, "Of course, I understand. You want to be with your kin. Mistyclan shall miss having you as our apprentice."

I dipped my head, "Fallenleaf most of all. We will say our final goodbyes next morning. We shall feed you for another night, let you rest. You are free to tell any of your friends so they have time to spend the rest of the day with you."

Crowpaw blinked gratefully at me, his shoulders straightening and tail sticking up at the thought of seeing his kin again.

Swanwind cringed as if she had been hit, wandering away to where Liontail was arguing with Spiderfur.

I wondered what was going on between the younger warriors.

Chapter Nineteen

Two cats pushed their way into my den.

The slightly bigger one said briskly, "Starclan gave us a vision."

I pricked my ears, sitting up, all the sleepiness gone from my fur, "What did you see?"

Yellowpaw and Tropicpalm had just returned from the Moonpool.

The new official medicine cat brimmed with overflowing pride, "We were shown six small tree saplings. Five of them grew to be great and thrived in their environment."

Worry clouded Tropicpalm gaze, "However, the last one was blown away from the bigger saplings, uprooted and reburied far away in the mountains. This helped it grow taller than any of the other saplings, bearing rich fruit in all seasons!"

I stood up, shaking out my fur.

Two pairs of eyes followed me as I mewed, barely hiding the excitement in my voice, "We must travel to the mountains! Mistyclan will leave first thing tomorrow morning."

"But first - " Tropicpalm interjected, looking proudly to Yellowbelly, "Mistyclan has a new medicine cat to welcome."

I dipped my head and headed out of the the leader's den. As I leaped on top of the Tall Tree, I suddenly felt a wave of overwhelming grief. This would be the last time I sat on this tree.

Opening my mouth, I squared my shoulders, "All cats, gather beneath me for an emergency clan meeting!"

It was late evening, so most warriors and apprentices were lazing around, eating prey or dozing off in their dens. But they all quickly

sat underneath me before my call even ended. Pearlstorm, Spiderfur and Liontail were the last to arrive, their fur ruffled and eyes narrowed as if they'd just recently fought.

I saw Fallenleaf eye them carefully and, reassured that my deputy was keeping an eye on the young cats, I addressed Mistyclan again, "Today Tropicpalm and Yellowpaw travelled to the moon-pool to seek advice from Starclan."

I saw Swanwind straighten up curiously as Tropicpalm situated herself next to Fallenleaf at the roots of the tree, "Starclan has given Yellowpaw her medicine cat name. From now on, she will be known as Yellowbelly!"

Fallenleaf yowled, "Yellowbelly! Yellowbelly!"

The rest of Mistyclan joined in supportively, purrs echoing throughout the clearing.

Yellowbelly's expression was already serious, however, as she joined Tropicpalm, "Quiet!" After all was silent, she dipped her head, "Starclan also gave us a prophecy."

As Tropicpalm explained, I saw Spiderfur and Liontail's fur settle, glancing at each other in united fear.

I meowed when she'd finished, "We must stay together now, no matter what. For it is clear that Starclan intends us to travel to the mountains. So I ask you, Crowpaw, are you sure you would like to leave Mistyclan?"

All gazes turned to the older apprentice as he nodded confidently, "Yes. My true home is with Skyclan, beside the lake."

I averted my gaze a little shamefully as I pointed my tail to the exit.

Fallenleaf sighed sombrely, "Very well, you shall leave now."

Crowpaw stood and padded slowly to the gorse tunnel, his pelt lacking any trace of regret.

Swanwind sprang up and rested her tail on his back in farewell. Liontail went to give him one last lick on the ear and Spiderfur did the same. Pearlstorm guided Swanwind away, their tails twined lightly. Then the grey apprentice slipped out without a glance back.

I raised my voice again, "The day we dismiss one of our potential warriors, we also welcome a new one!"

I jumped down, "Morningpaw, come forward."

The startled, amber she-cat was shoved forward enthusiastically by Dustpaw.

I purred proudly, "You have proven yourself to be completely loyal to both Peaceclan and Mistyclan. You have thought many battles with us already, for a cat your age. You have faced the aggression from the other clans with pride and valour. Are you ready to become a real warrior of Mistyclan?"

My apprentice nodded eagerly, "Yes, I am!"

I reached forward and touched my nose to her forehead whilst she touched her's to my nose, "Then from now on, you shall be known as Morningflower!"

Amberpaw cried, though I thought I saw jealousy brush her fur,"Morningflower! Morningflower!"

Immediately, the rest of the clan joined in, "Morningflower! Morningflower!"

A/N

MORNINGFLOWER! MORNINGFLOWER! MORNINGFLOWER!

favourite character alert!!!!

- quill

Chapter Twenty

Yellowbelly and Tropicpalm were huddled nearby, whispering urgently to each other. I lashed my tail impatiently. The vision that they'd experienced was far clearer than we could've hoped for.

We had to travel to the mountains.

What else was there to discuss?

The whole of Mistyclan gathered at the edge of all clan territory, nerves hummed. Skyclan, Thunderclan and Shadowclan scent wafted around in the air. Fallenleaf had stuck to my side the entire time, stressing out very loudly the size of my now swollen belly. Treeclimber had seemed antsy, bouncing around Lilypad, who kept batting him away frustratingly. I watched them a little cautiously, my fur tingling. There was definitely something up between the two.

Before I had time to ponder anymore, Fallenleaf shrieked, "Skyclan!"

I jumped, turning around to face the cats that streamed out of the bushes.

Amberstar lead them, her eyes blazing with fury, "Mistystar!"

I bushed my tail to make myself seem bigger, "We were just leaving."

Another familiar cat slipped out, "And we were just coming to see to it."

I heard Fallenleaf growl, "Lemonstar!"

Whiteslash padded out from under a gorse thicket, his tail twitching excitedly, "I've come as well!"

Seeing my surprised look, he grinned, "Did I not say? Bravestar died of green cough a few days ago. How sad, right? But Thunderclan is better under my control."

My heart beat frantically, "Did you get your lives yet?"

Whiteslash sighed, "No, but I will. After we drive you out, of course."

I held back a gasp of relief, smoothing my fur, "We shall go by ourselves. There is no need for blood to be shed."

Lemonstar ignored me, "Clans! Attack!"

I was thrown out of the way by Fallenleaf as Lemonstar pounced.

Getting up, I sought out Whiteslash, who was locked in fierce combat with Lilypad. Running towards them, I knew that if Whiteslash was to rule Thunderclan, all the clans would be ruined. I knocked him to the ground, sinking my teeth into his neck.

He threw me off, grunting with pain. Whiteslash tore at my shoulders, but his movement was sluggish from the wounds on his limbs that were made by Lilypad and the gaping wound in his neck.

Then the white tom collapsed, his fur matted with sticky blood.

Lilypad scrambled backwards, her face pale with horror, "We killed him!"

I looked at his unmoving corpse regretfully, murmuring, "It was for the good of the clans."

Even as I reassured myself, regret pulsed through me, mixed with hot, shameful guilt. Now what would the other clans think of me? Thunderclan cats turned and fled, tails between their legs. But Windclan and Skyclan fought on bravely, knocking down Spiderfur and Swanwind with a rush of energy.

"STOP!"

I turned, eyes wide, to see Huckleberry rush in between Amberstar and Pearlstorm.

Her leader screeched, hurt cracking in her voice, "What are you doing!? GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

Huckleberry stood firm, "No. I will not."

Lost for words, Amberstar panted, eyes narrowed.

Huckleberry explained, "This has gone on long enough. Starclan has told me that Mistyclan will be good for the clans, as long as every cat is willing to accept them."

Amberstar lunged forward, "WELL NO CAT IS GOING TO!"

The leader and medicine cat of Skyclan were briefly paw to paw in combat before Huckleberry was pinned down. From somewhere in the bushes, I heard Tropicpalm squeal before the cat herself darted out to slam into Amberstar.

My head was spinning.

Medicine cats fighting their own leader?

This is was chaos.

So many cats could unnecessarily die. This was what we, as Peaceclan, had been fighting against. And now we were the cause of this. Amberstar struck out with her hind legs and Huckleberry collapsed again.

"Stop!!" I yowled, "STOP!"

Hurrying towards the medicine cat, claws all around me stopped mid-strike. I put my paws on where her heart was, feeling for a pulse.

But I was too late.

Blood poured from a wound on her chest, staining my fur red.

Amberstar stood, frozen, letting Tropicpalm push past her and press her muzzle into Huckleberry's fur, "NO!!"

Amberstar staggered backwards as Lemonstar called, "Windclan! Retreat!"

Sunmist hurried to my side, dragging the corpse of the once beloved medicine cat onto her back as Amberstar yelled, "Skyclan! Retreat!"

We watched the cats flee back to their camps, far too tired to chase.

Fallenleaf appeared at my side, his pelt pressed against mine for warmth, "Don't worry, Beestripe and Stormcloud brought their kits up a tree for safety."

He stared at my belly, "Are you alright?"

I nodded vaguely, turning towards the small Twoleg den cluster that we were going to be heading towards. Far in the distance, I could see the tall points of the mountains.

My clan was small. Much smaller than what was normal. Darkfur - the oldest of us warriors - silently gazed at his younger clan mates in silence. Pearlstorm and Swanwind twined tails in hopes of comfort. Liontail and Spiderfur exchanged a look.

Dustpaw edged closer to Amberpaw, who gave him a warning growl, causing Orangefoot to stand up and move to sit with Darkfur instead. I glanced at Tropicpalm, who was leaning on Lilypad for support, her eyes clouded over with grief.

We had lost much to preserve Mistyclan.

But, if her prophecy was true, we would be getting so much more in return.

Wow!

T hat brought back so many memories for me. Writing the story, planning it out, and actually finishing it for a change!

However, you might've noticed, but I left an open ending. Because there was originally going to be a second book after I finished this one.

Would you also like the second one to be published?

Notice!! (2)

Hello!

Which 'What if' spin-off story should I write next?

1. Whiteslash doesn't die

2. Tropicpalm doesn't exist therefore Mistysky doesn't form Mistyclan - > Writing right now (go check out Twin Stars)

3. Mistystar turns power-hungry

4. Amberpaw keeps on failing her warrior assessments

5. Morningflower grew up without Mistysky as a guide

6. Fallenleaf rejects Mistystar and their kits

Author's Note

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Hi everyone! I hope you really enjoyed Rising Mist!

It was a pleasure to be able to finish one of my books (even though, yes i know, that was a really open ending) !

~

Since this book ended really abruptly in my opinion, I have made a second book called Two Sisters Two Paths that starts off when Rising Mist ends!

I hope you'll go check it out right now on my profile!